

The History of

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Fayth, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what's to come in,
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A randevous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Divell and mischance lookt big
Upon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Ver. But yet I would your father had beene heere,
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no division, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in upon us:
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine;
That shewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too farre;
I rather of his absence make this use,
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turvy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

Dow. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Henry

Hot. My cousin Vernon, w

Ver. Pray God my newes
The Earle of Westmoreland,
Is marching hitherward w

Hot. No harme, what m

Ver. And further, I have le
The King himselfe in perfo
Or hither wards intended sp
With strong and mighty pre

Hot. He shall be welcom
The nimble-footed mad-cap
And his Cumrades, that dast
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht? all
All plume like *Estridges*, the
Bayted like *Eagles*, havin
Glittering in golden Coates
As full of spirit as the mone
And gorgeous as the Sunne
Wanton as youthfull Goate
I saw young Harry, with
His Cushes on his thighes,
Rise from the ground like
And vaulted with such ease
As if an Angell dropt dow
To turne and winde a fiery
And witch the world wi

Hot. No more, no more,
This prayse doth nourish A
They come like Sacrifices
And to the fire-eyde mayd
All hot and bleeding, will
The mayled *Mars* shall on
Up to the eares in bloud.
To heare this rich reprizal
And yet not ours Come;
Who is to beare me like a
Against the botome of the

Hot.